The Good Bit

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/10747986.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	The Big C (TV), Mænd & høns | Men & Chicken (2015), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationship:	Elias (Men & Chicken)/Lee Fallon
Characters:	Elias (Men & Chicken), Lee Fallon
Additional Tags:	Mentions of Cancer, Lee is in remission, Light Angst, Masturbation in Bathroom, Bathroom Sex, Blow Jobs, Happy Ending, Hannibal Extended Universe
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Lee Fallon and the Three Bears, Part 31 of Tiger's Mads x Hugh Rare Pair fics
Stats:	Published: 2017-04-27 Words: 2,373 Chapters: 1/1

The Good Bit

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Lee feels like shit and is starting to think a celebratory night out might have been a bad idea... but then he finds someone else is also hiding out in the bathroom and might just need a hand.

Notes

Last year I wrote The Best Bit and just loved giving Lee some happiness. Back in December/January I came up with some ideas for prequels to this fic, so here's the first one - The Big Chicken Ship XD Hopefully get around to writing the next one soon.

the good bit a

Lee looked at himself in the bathroom mirror. The news was still sinking in and after so long he'd never imagined this day would or could happen. He wondered how long he could hide in the bathroom, away from the few surviving friends who insisted he celebrate.

He splashed some water on his face and grabbed a few paper towels, patting dry as he looked again under the glaring light that was really too bright for the bathroom of a shitty bar. He'd put on a little weight, not that it was so very noticeable. His skin still had a slightly grey hue to it. He was feeling better than he had in a long time, remission felt great, but he was still a way off from the healthy man he had once been.

Maybe it was too soon for a celebratory night out?

But it had been a while and it felt like it was time to get drunk and laid. Looking in the mirror that didn't feel likely. He'd managed to hook up with plenty of guys when he was sick, but not when he was at his worst, and he didn't feel so far from that now. Remission or not, the last few lots of treatment had knocked him down and he was still struggling to get back up. The bar might not be quite as starkly light as the bathroom but he couldn't see the appeal in that reflection so why would anyone else?

The thought suddenly weighed on him. Maybe he really should go home? He had been so positive for so long that now that he no longer needed to be he felt exhausted by it. He lacked something that he wasn't sure he'd ever get back.

Lee screwed up the towels and threw them in the trash. Time to get his sick old ass home and stop wasting his time. He was almost at the door when he heard a grunt from the end stall.

He paused for a moment and wondered if he had imagined the noise, but then there it was again. Definitely a grunt. Not someone in pain, but maybe discomfort. He'd thought the bathroom was empty when he came in. Had someone been in that stall the whole time he'd been psyching himself up in the mirror?

"Hello?" Lee called out. He didn't want to pry, but it seemed a little odd that someone had been in that stall for the last ten minutes without a peep or coming out and now they were grunting...

There was no immediate answer so he decided he would go let the bar staff know. Maybe it was just someone unable to handle their booze, passed out with their head in the bowl?

He paused at the thought. He knew he could be a bit of a shit - in the nicest possible way - but he wasn't sure he could leave someone to potentially choke on their own vomit.

Lee took in a deep breath and sighed it out sharply before stalking to the stall and rapping on the door.

"Hey buddy, you ok in there? Do you need anything?"

No answer but some shuffling. The occupant must have hit against the door because it rattled on it's hinges and then there was an exasperated huff.

"Look, I think I should go get someone to help you…" Lee started as he backed up from the door a little, hoping that neither vomit nor piss came flooding out under the door.

"No!" Was the eventual response. Curt, angry, thickly accented.

"Do you need some water?" Lee ventured, not wanting to abandon the random fella but hoping to still discharge any responsibility he felt by leaving the problem with the bar staff.

"Why would I need water? What a stupid question. If I needed water I would be in the bar drinking water not in the bathroom."

Lee blinked.

Well, he couldn't fault the logic even if this guy - who was clearly some amusing level of asshole - was being a rude shit.

"Ok buddy. I'll leave you to it." Out of habit Lee tried to keep his own exasperation from his tone. He was too tired and horny to deal with this shit. He was better off going home, having a few more drinks, jerking off and passing out.

The grunt that sounded then was tinged with a whine that made Lee's ears prick up. It was followed by a muffled, but unmistakable, groan.

He froze and swallowed. And adjusted his pants which suddenly felt a little too tight.

Was there seriously some rude asshole jerking off the other side of the stall door? Why was his mouth suddenly so dry? He licked his lips and ran a hand over his denim encased crotch.

"Um, well okay, I won't get the bar staff. But maybe I can help you?" It wasn't so much desperation as it was a wet dream come true. Bathroom sex wasn't exactly a new thing to Lee, but this whole scenario could have come straight from his wank bank and he wasn't about to pass that up.

There was complete silence in response and then the indignant words - "I'm not gay."

Lee rolled his eyes. Not like he hadn't heard that one before, just as he was getting to his knees. "No one's perfect." He replied and moved to the stall door. He leaned against the frame, propping himself against it with a waiting grin.

There was a little more shuffling and then the lock clicked and the door slowly opened.

Lee wasn't sure what he had expected to see but he was pretty sure it wasn't the sight before him.

The man wasn't hideous so much as he had an interesting face, which was something that would never put Lee off. Especially considering the massive cock that jutted from greying

curls. It was a delight to behold and Lee found himself licking his lips again for an entirely different reason.

“Hey.” Lee crooned, still leaning against the door frame. “I’m Lee.” He took in the man’s frazzled features, he looked a mess and sweat beaded his brow. “You okay?” Lee asked again now he had seen the man and actually did feel a pang of worry.

The stranger flushed a little and looked disgruntled. “I am fine. A picture of health! I cannot help it if I have this condition.” the man pointed at his swollen dick. “It is debilitating you know! Something you no doubt would not understand!!”

Lee could have been pissed but instead he let out a bark of laughter. This shit was too insane and there was a leaking and rosey cock right in front of him begging to be sucked.

“Uhuh.” He replied, crowding into the stall and shutting the door behind him. “Sounds awful. How about I help you take care of it?”

Lee didn’t wait for a reply, he just leaned in, his lips hovering over the stranger’s, waiting to be refused. When he wasn’t, he pressed forward, taking the man’s cock into his hand as he took his mouth.

The kiss was met by a slightly shocked noise, before it was tentatively returned. The guy wasn’t a terrible kisser, but definitely unsure of himself. Lee wondered if he’d had much practice in the past or whether he was just hesitant about kissing another man given his declaration.

As he worked a slow strong hand up and over the straining cock, Lee let the stranger take charge of the kiss. It was a little sloppy but hungry. Before too long his stubble scratched against the other man’s moustache as he swallowed low groans between them. Finally the need for air drove them apart and the stranger was panting. His face was completely flushed and he had more sweat on his brow.

Lee fixed the man with one of his more seductive looks before telling him - “You have such a fantastic cock.”

The twitch of the man’s cock and the pained look on his face told Lee that the stranger might not last too long if he started to talk dirty, so he tried to lean in for another kiss instead. But this time was rebuffed.

“Your stubble is unpleasing. I think if I were to kiss men I would prefer them clean shaven. Or…” he drifted off into thought and Lee brought him back with a long stroke of his cock.

He didn’t much mind. To be honest he was ready to move on from kissing to something altogether more delectable. He stepped back for a moment and was amused by the slight whine his new friend let out when he took his hand away. He grinned as he unfastened his pants and let them fall to his ankles, as the other man’s already had, before getting to his knees. Lee clasped his hands on meaty thighs and pushed until the man was forced to sit on the already closed toilet seat - where he had no doubt previously made himself comfortable.

Before the guy had much chance to settle, Lee took him into his mouth and hummed his pleasure. He was so big that Lee was pleased with the challenge as his lips stretched. He focused on the head for a while as the stranger squirmed and panted, before swallowing him down, taking him deep into his throat. It was no mean feat considering the length and girth of the guy - he was hung like a damn bull!

He started to make these little “ha” and “hoo” noises which Lee actually found pretty adorable, as he worked him over. Despite the hefty cock straining in his mouth, the guy made no move to thrust in. Lee wouldn’t have minded but he found himself equally pleased to be able to just go to town on the masterpiece before him.

He was rock hard when he took himself in hand and began to jerk off as he set a suction heavy rhythm. His cheeks hollowing and tongue pressing as he worked up and down the thick shaft. Just the thought of having that cock in his ass was enough to make him want to ask for this guy’s number. Imagine riding that bad boy… The rhythm faltered a moment as he almost went over the edge. He was just able to pull it back when a hand shot into his hair. Fingers tried to find purchase on too-short strands - a legacy of chemo - and incoherent sounds were expelled from his bullish guy until they finally formed into words -

“Your… ha! Hoooo, your hair… it’s too… Ha! Short! Too short!” The words were barely understandable through a thick accent, but something in them made Lee chuckle.

As he did so the stranger tensed up at the sensation that caused around his cock. He gave a strangled cry as he spurted hot cum to the back of Lee’s throat. A cry that sounded bizarrely like the word “Adam!”.

Lee sucked and swallowed and lapped and sucked some more as he took down as much as he could and chased the tremor’s of the stranger’s orgasm until he was wrung out. Only then did Lee sit back on his haunches and move a hand to his balls, squeezing at them gently as he continued to stroke himself, whilst watching the massive cock before him twitch as it started to soften.

It only took a few strokes before he came all over the floor between the other man’s legs, a little hitting the bottom of the toilet and running down in globs.

“Fuck.” Lee panted out the word. “That was pretty fucking good.”

The other man was resting back, his head against the wall but his nod still discernable.

They went quiet for a minute, both catching their breath as Lee tucked himself away. He stood and pulled up his pants. Thoughts of asking for the guy’s number replaced by curiosity at the name that had escaped him.

“So… who’s Adam?” Lee asked with a grin.

The stranger glanced up at him sharply before he stood and started to hurriedly redress himself in the awkward and tiny space they shared.

“He is… his hair is longer than yours.” Was the odd reply.

Lee shook his head, bull's cock or no, this guy was an odd one. Someone else's odd one from the sounds of it.

"Yeah? Pretty hair is it?" Lee smiled.

"Pretty?!" There was the indignation again. "Adam is beautiful! Very beautiful! We're very good friends and he…" the words trailed off and several confused emotions warred over the man's face.

Moments later Lee found himself being manhandled out of the stall until they were both back in the bathroom, dressed but disheveled.

"Well that was fun. I would ask if you want to do it again some time… um?" Lee waved a hand at the man to prompt him to supply his name, which after a moment he finally did.

"Elias."

"Elias." Lee smiled. "Thanks for the fun Elias, but I suspect this is where we say goodbye?"

Elias's expression was grave as he nodded his confirmation. He understood completely the realisation that had hit the man and a sort of joy spread inside him. A blossoming of hope. He'd spent so many years taking each day as they came, positive to the last, he had sort of given up on hope. But he saw it there in Elias's face and he couldn't help but be infected by it.

That realisation that told Elias that he would never see Lee again, not because he wasn't gay, but because Adam was out there somewhere waiting for him. Lee had to wonder how much lost time they had to make up for.

Elias went to leave without a word, which didn't offend Lee in the least, but he couldn't say he wasn't a little pleased when the man turned back and pulled him into a tight bear hug. The silent embrace only lasted a minute before the man, a few tears in his eyes, finally turned and left to seek his friend and explore his realisation.

Lee felt light. Giddy. He was in remission. Life was pretty good. He smiled at his reflection.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!